

Hays City Free Press

HAYS CITY, KANSAS.

The Fruit Package.

A great advance has been made in preparing articles for shipment and in exhibiting in attractive ways. The old slipshod methods have largely disappeared, as anyone who uses eyes, ears and memory can testify. There is hardly an article, from the notion counter of the department store to the varied array of a modern grocery, or even in the stalls of a market, which is not arrayed in a manner indicating some desire to make a tempting appearance. Still there is much to learn. The packing of fruit and showing off to good advantage is an art that should be cultivated, and the matter is considered of such significance that official notice is taken of it. The Boston Herald says: "There's nothing that adds more to the attractiveness of a box or crate of fruit than a liberal dressing of green leaves of one kind or another. Our consul at Frankfurt contributes some useful information on this subject, telling of the advantages of fern leaves for this purpose, not only for the decoration, but for the preservation of the fruit. The fern leaves, it seems, possess a preservative quality far beyond any other greens, and they are extensively used in the foreign markets, not only to pack fruits, but vegetables and dairy products as well. More green decorations would add much to the attractiveness of our fruit markets and fruit stands, and they would help to preserve the fruit at the same time." Public taste is increasing, and it is the attractive newspaper "ad" and the attractively arranged shop which most surely win customers.

Out-of-Doors Culture.

This is the camp-meeting season. It is also the season for Chautauqua gatherings. It is the season when mountainside and lakeside, seaside and riverside are dotted with culture camps. Even the camp-meeting in its modern form runs as much to culture of the spirit as it does to aggressive attacks upon sin. Thousands of busy persons are availing themselves of recreation and culture in combination. This is a source of agreeable summer employment for college professors who do not want to rust during the summer season, and to whom a little work of a light order and under pleasant conditions is an agreeable change from the set routine of the classroom and the sedentary experiences. How much the summer schools affect the educational standards and cultural quality of the people, says the Baltimore American may not be gathered. But it is certain that the summer leaven works through a great mass of the population, and its quickening effects must be great.

Suggestions that the United States and Mexico jointly police the Central American countries and so put an end to the disorders constantly developing there are being seriously discussed. Pretty nearly every other plan appears to have failed. Even when the little nations are brought to the point of fixing up an agreement all round to be good there is no guarantee against one or another breaking the contract without the slightest scruple. The United States naturally is much averse to anything looking like interference with the affairs of other countries, but co-operation with Mexico would be an assurance of disinterestedness and would forestall any Latin-American objection. What Central America needs and must have for proper political and material development is continued peace, and Uncle Sam, with Mexico as side partner, would see that peace was maintained.

The Wealth of the Sea.

In representing the wealth contained in the sea, Prof. Huxley has pointed out that an acre of good fishing-ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year. He also has drawn a vivid picture of a "mountain of cod," 120 to 130 feet in height, which for two months in every year moves westward and southward, past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column contains 120,000,000 of fishes, which, even on short seasons, consume no fewer than \$40,000,000 of herrings every week. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and one week's supply of the herrings needed to keep that area of cod from starving. The harvest of the sea, remarks the New York Weekly, is truly inexhaustible.

Mrs. Florence Kollock Crooker recently celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of her service as a minister of the Universalist church and the twentieth anniversary of her pastorate of St. Paul's church, Jamaica Plain, Boston.

India is buying many more American windmills as the result of wider and more persistent canvassing for orders. An Illinois manufacturer is shipping a carload (40 mills) to Bombay for use on the west coast of India.

In order to have "live spokes" newly sawed timber must be well racked up and laid in the open air one year to the inch in season. The average automobile spoke requires a two-inch piece of timber; that means two years of die lumber.

The best anti-pulicide bureau is an intelligence office that secures work for all applicants. As a rule, busy and industrious people don't have time to think about shuffling off.

TO GET RID OF MOTHS.

Preparation Guaranteed to Rout These Annoying Pests.

"I'm distracted," said the young housekeeper. "After wearing myself to a frazzle in housecleaning time, trying to rout moths, I find they have gotten into my storeroom closet."

"Your fight was not scientific enough," laughed the older woman. "What did you do? Stick a little camphor or moth balls around and think your duty done? The wily moth needs much more strenuous remedies."

"Don't look so disconsolate, child, your winter wardrobe is not eaten yet. Have one rousing moth fight according to my prescription and you can hang out a flag of truce till frost comes."

"Mix gasoline, gum camphor and turpentine together in the proportion of an ounce and a half of camphor and a quarter of a pint of turpentine to every quart of gasoline."

"Crush the camphor well before mixing and put the mixture into a tightly-corked jug or bottle for over night. Shake well before using."

"To-morrow bright and early take out all the clothes in your room and have them thoroughly brushed and beaten, burning the dust. Then put your moth mixture into a syringe and spray everything in sight. It will do no damage even to your woodwork or bedding if you happen to have any stored in there, so drench everything well."

"Shut up the room over night, putting a cloth along the cracks of the door, just as if disinfecting. The next day open and air the room and sweep and dust again."

"If you think any of the things done up in boxes are affected, they should be taken out, brushed and put back with fresh lumps of camphor after the boxes have been washed inside and out with the gasoline compound."

"I have used this remedy for years. In one house where the moths had taken possession, I did each room in turn in mid-July and never had further trouble."

"Be sure to shut the room for 24 hours and never have a light in it until the odor has disappeared or a bad fire may result."

PRACTICAL HINTS for the HOUSEWIFE

In sewing in sleeves, instead of binding the seams use the French seam. It is much neater and quickly done.

To keep a pencil drawing from blurring dip it gently in quite fresh milk and dry on a smooth, hard surface, facing up.

Turn hot water cans upside down each time after using. It is the drop of water left that causes rust, and that is soon followed by a hole.

Handkerchief corners will meet more exactly if the handkerchiefs are folded with the first crease on a line with the width wide threads of the linen.

If, when boiling ham, you add for each gallon of water a teaspoon of vinegar and six or eight cloves the flavor will be much improved. Always let a ham cool in the water in which it is boiled and it will keep deliciously moist and nice.

Nickel plating may be cleaned with water and whiting or with water and alcohol as easily as silver. Where there is a large amount of nickel to be cleaned gasoline will do the work well and quickly, but of course extra precautions must be taken.

To Wash Mattings.

Mattings should be washed with strong salt and water to strengthen the fibers.

If a white or cream colored matting has become faded, wash with strong soda water, and, while this will turn it a deeper shade of creamy yellow, it will be all one color instead of variegated.

Mattings should always be swept the way of the weave, not across it.

If some of the figures in the pattern have become dingy, they can be brightened by rubbing dye into the matting with an old toothbrush, following the lines of the figure, which can be strengthened with a pencil before applying the dye.

The Kitchen Sink.

A kitchen sink should be kept spotlessly clean. The best way to clean a galvanized iron sink is to rub strong soap powder into every corner and over every inch of surface. Let it rest for ten or fifteen minutes, then with a scrubbing brush and boiling water go over the whole, rubbing vigorously, when thoroughly scrubbed polish with a soft flannel cloth wet with kerosene. This prevents the sink from rusting after the strong powder has been used. For a porcelain-lined sink use kerosene first, last and every time.

Useful Flour Sacks.

Save your flour bags or get some from your baker; you can buy them for 25 cents a dozen. Wash them thoroughly and bleach and you will have good serviceable cloth for a little or no money. It can be made up into useful things, such as tea towels, also petticoats, drawers and underwaists for children; in fact, many things can be made from these flour bags at a great saving.

Stuffed Sponge Cakes.

Use oval sponge cakes slit in two lengthwise. Dip both pieces in a thin sirup, then put together with a whip, unsweetened cream. Spread the top pieces with apple jelly and sprinkle generously with chopped nuts—pistachio if possible. In the center place a candied cherry. Place the whipped cream filling so that it shows at one side, tipping up the top layers.

Cheap Salad Dressing.

An egg, well beaten, one tablespoon mixed mustard, one tablespoon sugar, one level tablespoon flour, one table-spoon melted butter, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon white pepper. Mix all carefully so there will be no lumps, then add one-half cup of pure vinegar, one-half cup of water. Put on the stove and stir carefully until as thick as rich cream.

Has Big Future

Nation's Greatest Prosperity Yet to Come

By CHARLES M. SCHWAB, Steel Trust Magistrate.



Why all this talk about hard times? If people would only stop talking about them there wouldn't be any hard times!

We should take a broader position here in the United States. America is the cynosure of the world; the United States is the biggest part of America; New York is quite a part of the United States.

Don't let us worry about these little flurries in the business world. The recent troubles have been a most healthy check upon our financial ills. The country is all right. We are not going to the dogs—far from it.

The tendency of business must always be upward, ever upward. That is the way we are all going—upward. If my opinion is worth anything, I would predict that for the next ten years we shall enjoy the greatest prosperity the country has ever experienced. This is no idle dream, either, but an assertion based upon the concrete information that comes to me from all over the country.

The demands of the 46 states in our Union are so vast, so insistent, that no one can predict where they will end. To-day and always our demand is so great that our mines and manufactures, our agricultural and our myriad industries are so taxed that they can hardly catch up. We are always behind in our supply.

Even to-day we are taxed to fill the demands made upon our industries. People may laugh at this, but it is true. That is the kind of an optimist I am. I am always optimistic when I get to talking about the United States; our possibilities are so wonderful, our resources so marvelous. No land in the world enjoys such opportunities as ours.

There is no cause for pessimism. I am an optimist, a bull on the United States. The world must take off its hat to us.

Reason for Sleep-Walking

By ANDREW WILSON, British Scientist.

There is no more attractive section of the science which deals with the highways and byways of brain-action than that concerning itself with phases impinging on the weird and wacky side of life. The meeting-ground of science and superstition lies in this domain, where such subjects as telepathy, spiritualism, ghost-seeing, hypnotism and the like are discussed and explained—if explanation be possible—from the side of the scientist on the one hand, or from that of the quack and the charlatan on the other.

Of the byways of brain-action which formerly led straight onwards into the quagmire of superstitious beliefs, the phenomena of somnambulism or sleep-walking present an excellent illustration. Very early in the history of psychology men became familiar with the "acted dream," as the sleep-walking act was termed. Hippocrates, Father of Medicine, says that he has "known many persons during sleep moaning and calling out . . . and others rising up, fleeing out of doors, and deprived of their reason till they awake, and afterwards becoming well and rational as before, although they may be pale and weak."

The amount of recollection sleep-walkers possess of the acts they have performed in their somnolent state seems to vary greatly. Probably the rule is that nothing is remembered, and many cases illustrate this rule, but there are exceptions. A dream or part of a dream which gave rise to or formed a feature of the somnambulism may be remembered. In exceptional cases, there is remembrance of all the details of the night-activity. A lad, member of a geometry class, had to prove the forty-seventh problem of the first book of Euclid, taking only the axioms and postulates as granted. This lad worried over his task, and duly retired to rest. Later on he was found by the teacher in his dormitory, kneeling on his bed, face to the wall, and pointing from spot to spot as if following out a demonstration on a board. He was left undisturbed in his sleep, but next morning, on being asked if he had finished his problem, he replied in the affirmative, saying he had dreamed it, remembered his dream, got out of bed at daylight, and wrote out the solution at the window.

Now this and all other similar cases demonstrate for us that somnambulism in its essence proves to us that, while the conscious Ego is asleep and practically non-existent, other centers of the brain can be awake and active to very definite purpose. The independence of different brain centers is demonstrated to us, as it is in a condition not far removed from the sleep-walker's domain, that of hypnotism or mesmerism itself.

American Women Are Delicious

By COQUELIN AINE, Great French Actor.

I thought of American women, and I always had to say that as far as their mental powers were concerned they were like pins. You approached them and they pricked you; they were here, there, everywhere sticking into you. Who can safely examine a sharp pin? You put it down and make your bow to its powers.

What do I think of English women compared to American? Comparisons are odious, particularly of ladies. Not a million horses could drag out of me an opinion about English women when I am discussing Americans, whom they resemble so little. One of my best friends is an English woman. She does not prick me like a pin when I talk to her.



THE SACRED TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree. Touch not a single bough: It has befriended me. And I'll protect it now: 'Twas there that first she laid her hand within my hand. And there, when it was hot I often gladly swung: It lay like an obedient hand.

Beneath that spreading tree One in a gauzy gown Oft snuggled close to me. And let her feet hang down: Woodman, forbear to hack! 'Twas there a lovely maid First dared to call me Jack. As carelessly we swung.

When I was free from care And she was trim and slim, We often dangled there Beneath you spreading limb. 'Twas there that first she laid her hand within my hand. And there, when it was hot I often gladly swung: It lay like an obedient hand.

Harm not that sturdy oak: One night I mind it well—The rope, grown fragile, broke, And in a heap we fell. And let her blame be on me. And said she'd have me not. So, woodman, spare the tree: This is a sacred spot. —Chicago Record-Herald.

He was a graduated midshipman, out of Annapolis long enough to just begin to suspect that there might be, somewhere in the world, a commanding officer who knew as much as he about things in general, and how a ship should be run, in particular.

It was in India, while his ship was in port for coal on its way to the Philippines, that he had his first real adventure.

India is, above all other places, the land of strange adventures. Now that he was there, our hero longed to kill a tiger or have an adventure with a cobra.

He was not at all modest about these ambitions. Indeed, he so abused a young man's privilege of talking about himself that all his messmates became experts on killing snakes and tigers. At last, after much vain wishing, he had his adventure with a cobra, and it happened in this wise:

He and a few messmates had put up at a hotel some distance from Bombay. After dinner there was a dance in honor of the ship's officers.

He had a walk with an English girl who did not consider it good form to reverse. She was not interested in Manila, knew little about tiger slaying and less about cobras, and all these limitations, being combined in one girl, made him tired. Then, too, she was dark and small and he liked them blonde and big.

They parted with mutual satisfaction, she going to her chaperon and he sauntering over the grass of the compound to a secluded spot where a reclining wicker chair invited repose. Lying back in this and lighting a perfect, he gave himself up to the pleasing delight of passing in mental review all the girls he had ever loved. As he was two and twenty, behind him stretched a long line of experience with broken hearts for mile-stones.

Lulled by the mellow music and soothed by the clear, he must have dozed, for he failed to notice a stealthy rustle in the grass under his chair, and was undisturbed by the motions of the long, slender thing that glided this way and that in the grass, and curled itself into sinuous, graceful folds.

With a start he awoke from an ugly dream in which a cobra had coiled on his chest.

In the dark he could not recall for a moment where he was. Then the distant lights and the music brought



He Stamped Savagely Down with the Left Foot.

it all back. He lazily stretched and rubbed his hand down his vest buttons to reassure himself that the dream was but a dream. Swinging round, he rose to a sitting posture, and, still stretching and gazing, he brought his right foot down on the grass.

Horror! It rested on something that squirmed and wriggled—a snake! Undoubtedly a cobra, and he was stepping on it! Then he did a bold thing. The snake had not struck, hence his foot must be on either the head or the neck, and so, despite the suddenness of the shock, he here down with all his weight. The soles of his dancing pumps were thin, and under the instep he could feel the snake straining this way and that in strong efforts to free itself, but so long as he could hold it he was safe.

It was a hard job to stand on a squirming snake in the dark, and it showed no symptoms of dying, and seemed to get more desperately lively the harder he pushed it down into the soft grass. If he could but get his other heel on its head, perhaps he could crush the life out of it; at any rate he could hold it better. But on which side of his foot was that wicked head with the wide hood?

The night was so dark and the grass so long, he could see nothing, peer as he would.

He stamped savagely down with his left foot close to the right one, care-fully keeping his weight on the squirming neck. Ah! Something was there which mashed, but whether head or body, he could not tell. Extending his foot further to the left, he stamped again; evidently the body extended to the left.

By inches he pounded and mashed and ground the body into the grass as far as he could reach without lifting his weight from the right foot on the neck. Evidently it was a big snake, and the head with its deadly venom was to the right.

If he could only twist his left foot far enough around to mash that head! One can do this nice balancing feat

Wanted--A Snake-Charmer

By Ward Winchell, U. S. N.

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in the gymnasium, but to be treading in the dark on slippery death, and then attempt it—that's quite another matter. Something had to be done soon, for the cobra was exerting more and more force. It seemed to be growing stronger, despite the injuries he had inflicted—or was he growing weaker?

But what was that? Oh, blessed sound! The growling and half-suppressed barking of a dog under the chair! It had seen the cobra and was attacking it! He eagerly urged his new ally with all his powers of canine persuasion, but it seemed loth to attack and remained staring and growling under the chair. Perhaps it was a native dog and understood only Hindustani. Hoping against hope, he continued encouraging it by sounds which under ordinary circumstances would nerve a timid cur to spit in the face of a bulldog.

Things were coming to a desperate pass now, for as soon as the dog had made himself heard, the snake had put forth a supreme effort and had succeeded in slipping a bit to the right. It was but a question of time when it would be free. Press how he would, it was getting loose. Already an inch or so had slipped away, and at any moment the head might be so freed as to be able to turn and strike death into his veins.

Even as this thought struck him he felt more of it slipping. Making a quick backward spring, he reached the seat of the chair, and standing there with every nerve thrilling, he heard the released cobra glided through the grass toward the dog, which at once stopped growling and became ominously silent. Was it possible that the snake had killed it so quickly? He bent over, listening and vainly trying to peer through the thick darkness. Then a happy thought came—the matches in his pocket.

The box was almost empty. In his haste and nervousness he broke the first two. He lighted one by the four remaining. They went out immediately.

The burning head flew off one, however, and by its fitful glare he had a vision of the dog lying near the foot of the chair, with the snake coiled around its neck. Knowing that the cobra is not a constrictor and not likely to coil around the neck of its victim, he distrusted this fleeting vision as an optical delusion.

For a long while he stood on the chair, trying to make up his mind to make a jump and run for the hotel, and where there was one cobra it was likely there were more. Besides he was unnerved. Let any one stand on slippery death for ten minutes and note the effect on the nerves.

But one thing remained to do—he must call for help.

A few minutes later three of his messmates had started for him, armed with such improvised weapons as could be hastily secured. "Bring a light," yelled the afflicted one, and an ornamental Chinese lantern was taken from the piazza decorations.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" said number one. "Has your cigar gone out?"

"Be careful! There's a cobra right under this chair. He killed a dog there just a minute ago."

"Nonsense," said number two, swinging the lantern under the chair. "Here's a pup, sure enough, but he's a mighty lively corpse, judging by the way he's chewed on that rope. What have you been drinking, anyhow?"

"Oh, I didn't see him. I stepped on him right here. Look where I mashed him into the grass."

They looked. Then number three picked up the native rope with which the pup was tied to the chair. It was loosely woven fiber, thick, soft, and with sundry flat places mashed into it where Charlie's heel had dug fiercely into its soft texture. "There's your cobra," said he, fitting it into its print on the grass.

A few moments later four young naval heroes lined up at the bar, where some warm champagne was broached at rupees ten the bottle. Over the drink and in consideration therefore, they swore eternal secrecy. "Charlie," said one, solemnly, as he drank, "you've got to do one of two things. Either swear off, or buy a mongoose."

"There's still another solution," said number two. "What's the matter with his marrying a snake-charmer?"

He Found Sure Proof.

Ernest came running to his father one day, with a weight of trouble on his mind.

"Sadie says that the moon is made of green cheese, pa; and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, papa?"

"Don't ask me that question. You must find out for yourself."

"How can I find out?"

"You must study into it."

He went to the parlor, took the family Bible from the table, and was missed for some time, when he came running into the study.

"I have found it out. The moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before cows were."

More Than Truth.

Louise, after being scolded, could never be reconciled till mother had assured her that she loved her, which resulted on one occasion in the following dialogue:

"You don't love me."

"Yes, I do love you."

"Well, you don't talk like it."

"Well, how do you want me to talk?"

"I want you to talk to me like you do when you have company."—Delinoator.

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Pe-ru-na be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Pe-ru-na are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these years they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Pe-ru-na is composed of some of the most efficacious and universal used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Pe-ru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousands of people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Pe-ru-na invites the full inspection of the critics.

Better a tramp in the woods than a hobo in the woodshed.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Blade Knives. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The Contented Man. The man who is thoroughly contented is likely to be a bore or a tramp.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM. Take the Old Standard Quinine Tonic. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing its simplicity and from a scientific point of view, the most effective form. For grown people and children. See.

Her Idea and His.

Mrs. Kunning—Every woman should work hard for a husband.

Mr. Marryat—That's what I say, but my wife's so lazy.

Miss Kunning—You misunderstand me. I mean she should work hard to get a husband, but after she gets him she shouldn't work at all.

Companionship Barred.

"Rastus," said the man who gives advice, "if you want to prosper in this world you must go to bed with the chickens."

"Yassir," answered Mr. Pinkley. "I's willin' to go to bed wif 'em. But de folks dat owns chickens ain't sufficiently trustful."

The Old-Time Boy.

The boy of to-day who complains of anything should be made to read the rules and regulations laid down for boys in old colonial days. He had to stand up at the table. He must go to bed at candlelight. He must not sit down in the presence of a visitor. He must not shout. He must not run without cause. He must not throw stones at animals or birds. He must not idle on the street, and if he had been found trying to stand on his head he would have gone to jail for a week.

NO SURPLUS FUNDS THERE.

Beggar Satisfied with Evidence of Poverty in Sight.

Two old Hebrew beggars were traveling together through the residence section of Pittsburgh not long ago, in quest of contributions toward their joint capital.

Presently they passed a handsome residence, from which sweet sounds of music issued. It was late in the evening and he ascended the steps to the front door, eagerly watched by Jake, who expected quite a handsome addition to their funds.

His consternation was great consequently when he beheld him returning crestfallen and empty-handed.

Anxiously running to meet him, he said: "Well, fkey, how did you make out with the good people?"

"Ach, fkey," replied like, "there was no use asking in there, because they are very poor people themselves. Just think—two lovely ladies playing on one piano!"—Judge's Library.

SELF DELUSION Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer. It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fi